

EDITORIALS

A Personal Disgrace

The fact that racial and religious prejudice should, in any form, exist in a great democracy, is an incredible mockery of the very word democracy. It should be considered in the light of a personal disgrace to every citizen of that same democracy.

A disgrace as shocking and as tragic as that of the discovery that a near and dear member of one's family has become a hardened criminal. For prejudice is a crime.

It is a crime against the democratic ideal, a crime against the teachings of Christianity, Judaism and the other great religions, a crime against human decency and a crime against just plain common sense.

Furthermore, it is a crime for which every American citizen, directly or indirectly, is responsible, if not for its inception, at least for the continuance of its presence in our world today.

We are responsible because of our apathy in side-stepping the issue, because of our outmoded give-it-time-it-will-cure-itself attitude, because of our kidding ourselves with the preposterous fable that it is a special problem to be solved by the special persons affected. The problem is our problem, and, as long as prejudice exists in our land, we are the persons affected.

The solving of it must be done by us all, each and every man, woman and child of this nation, of every walk of life and of every race, creed or color. It must be solved by our actions, by our words and by our thinking.

And if we and our children are to survive as living creatures worthy of the name of human beings, it must be solved not in a theoretical future, not tomorrow, but now, this very instant.

—Cornelia Otis Skinner

A Great Purpose

In Torrance and across the nation, this week is Brotherhood Week. It has far greater purpose for observance than many of the "weeks" which are acclaimed throughout the nation during each year.

Brotherhood Week, Feb. 19 to 26, is the vehicle designed by the National Conference of Christians and Jews for the advancement of justice, democratic principles, understanding and good will among all peoples.

All men are created equal, they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. As Americans, we believe that—however imperfectly we may carry it into practice.

It should not be a week of mere superficial attention to nice gestures toward brotherhood. It should be a week of renewed devotion to the great underlying principles which make brotherhood attainable.

Brotherhood Week carries the wholehearted endorsement of leaders of every faith, of business figures, labor chiefs, educators, government officials, and men and women in every line of endeavor.

It is a week to give impetus for intensive interest in human values that should carry through all the weeks of the year. Let it set the pattern for your associations today and each day that follows.

The Day Connie Died

The hot stove leaguers are having a ball these days, talking about Connie Mack and Cy Young, Clark Griffith and Honus Wagner. They're all gone now. Together, they represented more than three centuries of living—and Connie, the oldest at 93, didn't even know the others had gone ahead. His folks thought he'd had enough heartbreak.

Connie Mack was in many ways the Mr. of baseball. Through 71 years he participated actively in the game—50 of them as manager of the Philadelphia Athletics. As a player he made a name for himself. But it was as manager of the A's, during a record nine pennant-winning seasons and during many sady second division ones, that he became a baseball immortal. He made stars, and outlived them in the game.

But age and economics and flagging public interest finally caught up with Connie. In 1954 he had to sell his beloved A's and watch them go to Kansas City. The obituary read: "Cornelius McGillicuddy—1862-1954." But Connie Mack really died on that day in 1954 when he signed the stock sale papers.

The Squirrel Cage

By REID BUNDY

Councilman Willys Blount, who admits he is feeling a little better now, had himself a giant, economy-sized cold last week. While checking up on some matters at the City Hall he was asked why he came out with such a cold.

"I'm trying to run it into pneumonia," he said. "They can cure that with penicillin."

Credit for this remarkable gem goes to Professor Ernest Brennecke of Columbia University.

By inserting the word "only" in all possible positions in the following sentence, you can get eight different meanings: "I hit him in the eye yesterday." Try it—it works.

Such things as this lead to confusion on the editor's desk: Thomas Craig is Los Angeles County chairman of Heart Sunday. Craig Thomas is publicity chairman for Heart Sunday in Torrance... or it is the other way around?

Don Perkins, public relations director for the Greater Los Angeles Chapter of the National Safety Council, reports on a new drink making the rounds—Pepsi-Cola and Engeline. "It not only hits the spot, it removes it!" Don says.

And, with a bow in the direction of the National Safety Council, we might suggest that you buy some of the world's finest accordions for a few hundred dollars. Why should you try to turn your \$4000 automobile into an accordion by following too closely on the freeways?

Things Have Changed, George



Glazed Glances

By BARNEY GLAZER

Well, I suppose you're all wondering why I sent for my hamburger Hackle, the busy business tycoon, asked his dishwasher to buy a birthday gift for his wife. When he presented the neatly wrapped gift to his missus with the customary congratulatory peck on the cheek Hackle said excitedly: "Hurry up and open it. Dear, I can hardly wait to see what I bought you!"

And when Hackle's wife read the accompanying birthday card, which was boldly emblazoned with the words: "To My Darling Wife," she commented wryly: "This card isn't even signed. Who's it from?"

Hustling Hermie, my insurance broker, phoned his company's fire underwriter. One of the secretaries answered and announced: "This is Mr. Garroway's desk." Gave Hermie an eerie feeling, it did. First time a desk had ever spoken to him.

My world-wandering friend, Freddie Facile, was describing his last adventure-bound escapade: "I suddenly found myself involved in this Pier 7 brawl with nothing but my brains and bare fists between

me and a 7-foot muscle-bound stevedore. As the fight wore on, I wasn't worried one bit. You see, I had it all figured out. I just stood there with my chin tauntingly stuck out while I grinned at him, forcing him to strike me again and again until I knew the strength would ebb from his body and he would be all tired out. Then, when he was completely exhausted, they carried me away."

My Uncle Phil, the philosopher, says the only reason he became a success was because he had brains and a nagging wife.

My Auntie Kimmie was talking to an old time school boy friend who was only 40 but he was bald, badly wrinkled, bent over, his teeth were missing, and his waddling was a complete memory. "How are you?" inquired Auntie Kimmie (as if she couldn't see for herself). "Fine, fine," replied her old classmate, "as you can see, fine has been kind to me." "Humm," observed Kimmie, "well if Father Time has been so kind to you, as you say, you'd better keep an eye on Mother Nature who must be playing the very devil with you."

Toughest accomplishment while driving your auto, says my Grandfather Grumper, the old sage, is to make certain that your operator's license expires before you do.

My Uncle Shloomp, in case I haven't mentioned this before and I haven't—is an old real estate broker. He just hates selling new real estate.

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up at the Coconut Grove last night. They started talking in hushed whispers how terribly frightening it would be to come face to face suddenly with one of these horrible creatures from Mars. Whereupon, my cousin Shlimmie offered the worthwhile and timely suggestion that any man who has ever seen a woman before breakfast certainly wouldn't be too upset by any minor degree or sub-standard horror like a man from Mars.

Walter Mendenhall says it's a too, too familiar sight—the secretary who can't add or multiply but, brother, can she distract!

Did you ever watch a 70-year-old man flirt with a young woman? It always reminds me of a telephone pole suddenly breaking out into a lot of buds.

Today's column has been dedicated to all the shut-ins. But let's not be selfish about it. It's also dedicated to all the shut-out husbands, as well as the shut-in ones.

The Freelancer

By TOM REISCHIE

THE GROANS you heard last week were those of Lincoln turning over in his grave, as a Republican speaker extolled him and claimed his support for everything from air pollution control to bombing Red China.

You can't relax yet, because Jefferson's birthday is coming up and the Democrats are going to do the same thing to our third president and founder of the Democratic Party.

As a matter of fact, you can't relax at all because this is an election year and every politician from here to Maine and back is going to be "viewing with alarm" or pointing with pride.

If the smog attacks here in Southern California get particularly bad, maybe we can collect all the politicians in one place and let them blow the smog away.

IF YOU REALLY want the inside dope on what's going to happen during this election year, here it is:

We'll get so many postcards, letters, blotters, pictures, handbills, and miscellaneous other political gimmicks that we won't know which candidate is the man to vote for.

We'll hear speeches on TV, radio, in the movies, and in some cases, on our front doorsteps. Telling us what great guys the candidates are and what stinks their opponents are.

We'll see pictures of candidates kissing babies, petting dogs, eating cake with ladies' societies, wearing Indian bouzies, entering churches, shaking hands with other prominent politicians, and pitching hay while wearing an old straw hat.

We'll hear issues discussed

so thoroughly that we won't be sure just which side of the issue one particular candidate stands on.

WE'LL LEARN from speakers that their party stands for intelligence, honesty, and moral integrity, while their opponents are rascals, thieves, and underhanded.

We'll hear records discussed and we'll hear conflicting quotations which will prove almost anything that anybody wants to prove.

And when the firing is all over, one party will claim that if he got a mandate from the people, while the other will blame its defeat on the weather, smear tactics, or poor campaign management.

As the late Will Rogers noted repeatedly, politics is one of the funnest businesses on earth and certainly one of the most interesting.

In fact, it is almost "the greatest show on earth."

So who knows what to say any more?

I ran out of material for this weird half-hour monthly ago and crista it now, one bloody word at a time; no longer a sculptor, but a mason.

As an explanation of masonry I submit the three Franciscanisms of commentary about writing that haunt writers.

The first by Carl Van Doren. "The first writers are first and the rest in the long run, nowhere but in anthologies."

One must be the best or nothing.

The second by G. K. Chesterton. "Nothing sublime or artistic has ever arisen out of mere artistry more than any thing essentially reasonable has ever arisen out of pure reason. There must always be a rich moral soil for any 'great aesthetic growth.'"

One must live a full life in order to be the best or nothing to write about it.

So, it's like I say, you know what to say any more?

Fight for Brotherhood Begins After Bigotry Mars an Election

On Nov. 11, 1953, a building known as "The Building For Brotherhood" was dedicated in New York. It was a gift of the Ford Motor Co. Fund to the National Conference of Christians and Jews, an organization that has labored since 1928 for the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God. The dedication marked a significant milestone of progress in the fight to eliminate bigotry and prejudice from the American scene.

The National Conference is probably best known to the nation as the sponsor of Brotherhood Week. Yet that observance is merely the focal point of its year-around program of educational endeavors in the field of better human relations.

In the year 1934, some 300 communities in the U. S. and Canada shook off the doldrums of the current depression long enough to observe something called Brotherhood Day. The observance caused only a ripple of response in the participating communities and was virtually no national recognition.

But to a group of men and women banded together in an organization known as the National Conference of Christians and Jews that day in April 1934, the first time in many moons, relates Walter, "that she admitted she was over 21."

Too many folks feel that money is everything. It isn't, really it isn't. There are, for example, many other things in life such as stocks, bonds, cashier's checks, money orders, traveler's checks, trust funds, and maturing endowments.

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As an organization, it keeps well in the background performing its task of fighting prejudice and bigotry through a vast network of community organizations, religious groups, educational institutions, labor management groups, and all forms of mass media of communication.

In each of these categories of American life, the National Conference enlists the active and voluntary support of lay leaders in both its program and consultation services. And therein lies its strength and effectiveness as its policies and the direct applications of its work are in the hands of its lay leadership.

Founding of the National Conference grew out of the presidential campaign of 1928, which was marred by a violent brand of bigotry directed against Al Smith and the Roman Catholic Church. Taking a leading role as founder were former U. S. Justice Charles Evans Hughes, former Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, and S. Parkes Cadman, past president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. They were joined by Jewish and Jewish-American leaders, including the National co-chairman, a post he has held without interruption for 25 years, and Dr. Everett R. Clinchy, president of the organization since its founding. In addition to Strauss, the other current co-chairman is Benson Ford, President Dwight D. Eisenhower is the honorary national Chairman for Brotherhood Week and Harvey S. Firestone Jr., chairman of Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. is national chairman.

To promote justice, equity, understanding and cooperation among Protestants, Catholics and Jews, and to analyze, moderate, and finally eliminate intergroup prejudices which distort and distort religious, business, social and political relations with a view to the establishment of a social order in which the religious ideals of brotherhood and justice shall become the standards of human relationships.

While the National Conference does much of its work through religious groups, it is not itself a religious organization, rather, it is a group of religiously motivated men and women whose purpose it is to eradicate prejudices and bigotry through educational programs of good will. Brotherhood Week is, of course, an important facet of this educational program, yet it is only a

small part of the year around work.

A Busy Year

Last year, according to Dr. Clinchy, the National Conference arranged 75,000 programs for 12,000 schools and colleges; 8,500 churches and synagogues; 2,500 women's clubs, 1,850 service clubs; 1,500 youth groups; and 635 national community organizations. Its radio and television programs and spot announcements resulted in millions of home impressions. In addition, it held 9,000 institutes, workshops and group leader conferences, and distributed 2,800,000 pieces of literature.

It maintains 62 regional offices apologeth throughout the United States.

The National Conference does not seek a merger of religious bodies, nor does it seek to weaken the loyalties or modify the distinctive beliefs of any creed. It does seek to demonstrate that all creeds can cooperate to achieve the goals of brotherhood, and that all men and women of whatever religion, race or national origin can work together and live together in mutual respect for the very differences that make them individuals with each their own, the other's rights and dignities that one claims for himself.

Further tryouts for "The Tender Trap," the next production of ACEBRY, Theatre will be held at the Torrance YMCA, 2080 Washington, tomorrow night, at 8.

Jack Hudson, who will direct "The Tender Trap," in Broadway play, which was recently made into an entertaining movie with Frank Sinatra and Debbie Reynolds, announced that although there were many theaters at the tryouts held last week, opportunity will be given tomorrow night for others who wish to read for parts and were not able previously to attend.

There are four roles for young to 30ish sophisticated women and four for men between 20 and 40 years in appearance. Anyone interested is urged to attend.

Torrance Herald

ESTABLISHED JAN. 1, 1914

Published Semi-Weekly at Torrance, California, Thursday and Monday. Entered as second class matter Jan. 26, 1914, at Post Office, Torrance, California, under act of March 3, 1879.

MEMBER CALIFORNIA NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

MEMBER NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

1619 Gramercy Ave. PA 3-4000

KING WILLIAMS, Publisher

GLENN W. PERL, General Manager

REID L. BUNDY, Managing Editor

Adjusted a legal Newspaper by Adjudicating Board, Superior Court, Adjudicated Decree No. 12650, March 25, 1927.

Subscription Rates: By Carrier, 45c a Month. Mail Subscriptions \$5.40 per year. Circulation office PAIR fax 3-4004.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

THE WEEK'S ASSUMED

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